For time is like a fashionable hoast,
That slightly shakes his parting guest by th'hand,
And with his armes out-stretcht as he would flie,
Graspes in the commer: the welcome ever smiles,
And farewell goes out sighing. Let not vertue seeke,
Remuneration for the thing it was. For beauty, wit,
High birth, vigor of bone, desert in service,
Loue, friendship, charity, are subiects all,
To enuious and calumniati g time.
One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,
That all with one consent praise new-borne gaudes,
Though they are made and moulded of things past,
And goe to dust, that is a little guilt,
More laud then guilt ore-dusted,
The present eye praises the present obiect.
Then maruell not thou great and complet man,
That all the Greekes begin to worship *Aiax*;
Since things in motion sooner catch the eye,
That what stirs not. The crie went once on thee,
And still it might, and yet it may againe,
If thou wouldst not entombe thy selfe aliue,
And case thy reputation in thy tent.
Whose glorious deeds but in these fields of late,
Made emulous missions mongst the gods them selues,
And draue great *Mars* to faction.
Achil. Of this my priuacie,
I haue strong reasons.
Vlis. But gainst your priuacie,
The reasons are more potent and heroycall:
Tis knowne *Achilles* that you are in loue
With one of *Priams* daughters.
Achil. Ha? knowne.
Vlis. Is that a wonder?
The prouidence thats in a watchfull state,
Knowes almost euery thing,
Findes bottom in the vncomprehensiue depth,
Keepes place with thought and almost like the gods,
Do thoughts vnuaile in their dumbe cradles,

There is a mysterie (wit
Durst neuer meddle) in
Which hath an operatio
Then breath or pen can
All the commerse that y
As perfectly is ours, as yo
And better would it fitt
To throw downe *Hector*
But it must grieue young
When fame shall in our
And all the Greekish gir
Great *Hectors* sister did
But our great *Aiax* brau
Farewell my Lord: I as
The foole slides ere the
Patr. To this effect *A*
A woman impudent, and
Is not more loth'd then a
In time of action: I stanc
They thinke my little sto
And your great loue to m
Sweete rouse your selfe, a
Shall from your neck vnl
And like dew drop from
Be shooke to ayre.
Ach. Shall *Aiax* figh
Patro. I and perhaps
Achil. I see my reputa
My fame is shrowdly g
Patro. O then beware
Those wounds heale ill,
Omission to doe what is
Seales a commission to a
And danger like an ague
Euen then when they sit i
Achil. Go call *Therstes*
Ile send the foole to *Aia*
Vnuite the Troyan lords